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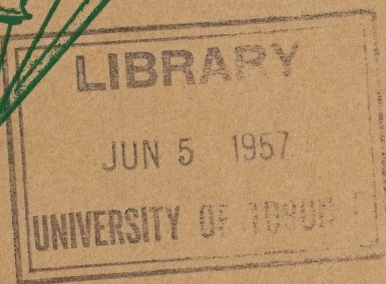
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May

1957

C.B.



*This issue dedicated
to Mothers of prisoners
everywhere*

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THE DIAMOND

FOUNDED 1951

Written, edited and managed by the men of COLLIN'S BAY PENITENTIARY
with the permission of MAJOR-GENERAL RALPH B. GIBSON
C.B., C.B.E., V.D., Q.C., LL.D. Commissioner of Penitentiaries
and with the sanction of COLONEL VICTOR S.J. RICHMOND
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CENSUS (April 15, 1957)

Total Population	473	Received	18
High Number	4712	Disch. by Expiry	14
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HAS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRED?

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COLLIN'S BAY DIAMOND

- May -

WORDS OF WISDOM

The skilful and unremitting use of propaganda can persuade the majority of people that Heaven is Hell or, conversely, that the most miserable existence is paradise.
.... A Philosopher

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— PLATFORM —

1. To inspire and cultivate moral and intellectual improvement amongst the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary.
2. To aid in overcoming the arbitrary bias which is one of the numerous "bars sinister" to a wayward man's redemption.
3. To discuss progressive and revolutionary penological data, without recourse to partiality, favour or affection.
4. To evince Stoicism and humour, to the end that light shall obtain even in darkness.
5. To elicit the support of Society in welcoming the return of a man from prison who needs help and who is genuinely desirous of seeking his reformation in the highly competitive life of the free world.

EDITORIAL

ON DIRECTING ENERGIES

Psychiatrists and penologists are proving the point that imprisonment is a great waste of manpower. The resulting feeling of uselessness felt by the prisoner, they believe, frustrates any attempts at rehabilitation. Some forward-thinking prisons have accepted this fact and have begun to apply its wisdom to constructive task.

The heroic acts of prisoners at New York's Rikers Island Penitentiary recently saved many lives from the flaming bowels of a downed plane. It is a stark example of that human need to serve, to accomplish. The prison's warden said the only difficulty he had with the convicts aiding in the rescue was "keeping them from getting killed themselves."

Time and again the men, completely disregarding their own safety, swarmed into the searing flames to save trapped passengers. One snatched an infant from certain cremation. Others led choking, blinded men and women from the fire and returned to the haulocaust as many as seven times.

One of them eloquently expressed the universal sentiment of all prisoners: "It's great to feel you're fulfilling some purpose...great to forget you're in prison...wonderful to be of help... to feel like a man again."

PAID IN FULL

Lifer Tom Runyon is dead. He died last month in his fifty-eighth year of life; his twentieth year of penal servitude. During his almost three-score years, Tom Runyon was all things to all people. But everyone who knew him respected Tom Runyon the man.

In his senior years, by his own admission, Tom mellowed. And with mellowing came a maturity and a keen sense of perception few people attain in a lifetime of purposeful searching.

His prolific writings in both penal and commercial publications were acclaimed far and wide. He won numberless friends for prisoners everywhere... and for himself in so doing. From Erle Stanley Gardner to fellow convict

Ole Lindquist; from the Iowa State Prison Warden to the grammar school students of Fort Madison.

Tom Runyon, convict, chronologist of gaol, penal elder statesman, foremost prisoner spokesman, deft deflator of pompous pharisees. There will never be another quite like Tom Runyon. His life sentence has been completed. Justice has exacted its last pound of flesh. Society has been served.

Tom Runyon has finally solved life's greatest problem. The deepest, the strangest, the last.

SUMMER'S LESSON: PRISONIZED

Now, as warm evenings descend, does the imprisoned man's thoughts race quickly backward to other times when the prospect of prison was unknown to him. To when he was a distinct entity; a man. The longer days provide longer hours for meditation in the solitary privacy of the prisoner's cell. He stands at the barred grill facing the fading twilight sky and reviews the Lessons of prison.

Perhaps he is...or was...a husband. A father and a wage earner and a provider. Teaching and being taught. Loving and being loved. Living and begetting life. Yesterday and yester-year.

And then came that fatal misstep and the implusive collapse of his world. And the thought rushes home to him now: "Why, this time last year, I was..."

Was what? Too late comes the dawning. Too late comes the Lesson.

Or perhaps he was a lone traveler. Unencumbered, unburdened. Living life to its fullest...in his own fashion. Topeka today, Tallahassee by day after tomorrow. Next week...where? Missoula or Memphis? Montreal or Moose jaw? The beckoning wail of a labouring locomotive and the siren song of journeying tires; the plodding on soft dirt roads and the rustling through waving wheatfields... the endless seducers of the searching man. A curious man, an individualist. Adventurer. At home everywhere, yet belonging nowhere. And too late comes the Lesson.

About This and That-

Eugene Ford

POETRY

The soul-stirring words of poetry left in my mind such a feeling of comfort and ease that the question arose in my thoughts: just what is poetry?— and the following summation, from my point of view, is the definition I have been seeking.

The gift of intelligible speech that was passed on to man is probably the most important to him from an intellectual and cultural point of view. From speech evolved writings, and from these penned thoughts and experiences have come the many volumes from which is derived the greatest percentage of our modern knowledge and education.

Through the use of words, man has been able to increase his knowledge and to sway the multitudes to his way of thinking if he is gifted in the use of powerful, persuasive phrases. Likewise, words composed by another can afford us hours of untold enjoyment in the form of novels, but to describe and impress upon the mind the beautiful things of life, or the tender passions commonplace in man's existence, there is nothing to compare to the metric narrative of the poet.

Poetry in itself is the expression of fine thoughts set to an embracing rhythm, or a rhythmical composition written or spoken for exciting pleasure by beautiful, imaginative or elevated thinking. From this, we can see that all verse is not poetry, as witnessed by some of the degrading or vulgar words of some debased writers. To be poetic, the arrangement must express a thought that tempers the soul with its metric charm or arouses our spirits by its stirring cadence.

Music, which is one of our greatest cultural gifts, is enhanced a thousandfold when it is written to words.

The Laureate, who is gifted with the powers to express himself in a poetic manner so as to afford pleasure to the human soul, is therefore to be regarded in the highest esteem. Without the gifted pen of the poet, the masses of the people would not be able to enjoy the sadness that is expressed in tragedy, the joy of romance, the beauty in nature, or the passion of Faith. True, these thoughts can be expressed in the prose of authors, but are his penned words as beautiful or as restful as the rhythm of some old ballad, or the elevating lilt of our cherished hymns.

Our modern world compels a great number of us to wear the veneer of conservation, sophistication or bluster to meet the social or competitive life of this day, but there are times when all of us, momentarily, remove the outward armour and allow the goodness or evil that is our inner self to become visible to others.

In poetry, the superficial blind is lifted, and the chastity of your heart and the greatness of your inner being is released in the beauty expressed in your verse.

MUSIC

There is an old adage: "Music hath charm to soothe the savage breast," which could well be applied to humans as well. In many respects, music is a narcotic, a form of hypnosis—it is the tragedy of yesterday, the cadence of today, and the hope of tomorrow.

No one goes through life without experiencing the healing powers of music. But then again, music does not only possess curative powers—it can be used for evil as well. Music can be as evil as we wish to make it, and as sad or happy as the composer's soul.

Music has always been associated with angels, and angels with the harp: there we have music under the most elevating conditions. We associate angels with women, and women give us the angel's part of our life here on earth.

In a home, where the family loves music, the unheralded music master is the Mother: as she goes, so goes harmony. She creates the joy of fellowship, and when Mother leads Father, all the family follow.

When we hear the sincere voice of a woman singing, there is an uplift: we feel better with God in a language recognised by the Creator of music.

We have many tongues for many races, but there is only one tongue with music. It is an universal tongue, understood by all mankind, and especially understood by God: it is much welcomed by our Creator of Harmony.

God made beauty, and when we make the effort, to place His beauty into words, then playing one's feelings through these words, we are near to God.

To explore this phenomenon, take the eerie beauty of the African tribal drums tom-tomming with a savage ferocity, that drives the natives into frenzied contortions and eventual-

ly saps them of their strength and reason. Then there is the case of a modern soldier, singing his songs of vice and revelry just prior to engaging the enemy, working himself into a lethal frame of mind that will justify his actions. The mighty German military machine used musical military marches to instil in the minds of the soldier and the people that sense of loyalty which could not be questioned.

In the cheap booze dens on the North American continent, Jazz, Boogie-Woogie, and the dancing of jitterbugs, incites the animal lust in man that helps lead to the sexual atrocities which are so often read about. Only too often music is misinterpreted: only too often do we fail to see the true meaning of the composer's intentions: only too often do we fail to see the true meaning of the composer by increasing the tempo injected by some musicians and these musicians, only too frequently, themselves misinterpret the score as written.

Immoral music is not the only phase that depicts vice. From the works of the masters in the classical field we have operas relating only too much tragedy and sin, and the vulgar part of all this is the acclaim of critics and wealthy patrons who refer to it as art.

There is much good in music if we look for it. The spiritual comfort that can be derived from any version of the classical Ave Maria is but one example. The soothing effects of the world-renowned Moonlight Sonata in all its stages can act as an opiate to battered nerves or mental frustration. The world-famous Warsaw Concerto tells a story of tragedy, yet

ends on a note of promise which parallels the strongest faith.

But the greatest music is where it should be, namely, in our churches and synagogues or other places of Godly worship. There is no music that can compare with that which was written to glorify God. Our evangelical hymns praising God to the highest, and the Requiem Masses, lend much beauty, even to the dead. The chanting of the Cantor in the synagogue exemplifies the true meaning of music. Even the cheerful toll of church bell heralding the glorious Christmas Day, or the lamentful dirge of their tolling for the dead, embrace a beauty that is characteristic of good music. The hymns of our ancestors remain with us, while the sex-stimulating chants of this present era last for only a few weeks on the well-known Honour Roll of Hits. This should be considered in evaluating good music. Naturally some of the licentious tunes of today will be preserved for generations, and this can be credited, in part, to the recording companies and their avaricious lust for 'the ungodly dollar.'

Music to me is a mood. It can be a mood of good or a mood of evil. Even our modern versions of musical compositions cannot be denied. Such songs as I Believe and The Bible Tells Me So will undoubtedly take their place alongside of our most cherished evangelical hymns in to time to come. Music can also be classified as a state of mind in which the listener allows his spiritual power to reign supreme. Music to me is the pulse of life, and that is eternal.

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Dad criticized the sermon. Mother thought the organist made a lot of mistakes, and Sister did not like the choir's singing. Finally little Jimmie piped up: "Well, it was a pretty good show for a nickel."

** ** ** **

A girl is always one of three things — hungry, thirsty or both.

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EDITORIAL (continued from page two)

Or perhaps a dedicated man. Impatient with ambition. Striving purposely for too much too quickly. Too damnably prone to impulse. Striking out desperately in all directions for that elusive commodity, Security.

And discovering too late that Security, like the roof of the heavens, does not exist; always beyond the grasp of mere man. Because man was made, evidently, for things other than acquiring mere Security for himself.

But too late comes the Lesson.

And while subdued vermilion shades to deepest azure and that finally to an ochre-streaked grey, the distant throb of a passing train sets up the nagging pang inside the prisoner and he forces himself, then, to turn away from his barred door; to review his Lesson.

When Visiting Collin's Bay Penitentiary

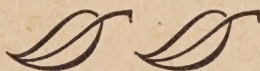
Don't Miss The Hobbycraft Display Case

*Outside visitors and guests are
invited to visit the Hobbycraft Display
Showcase in the Visitors' Waiting Room.*

*The attractive items to be found
there have been made by inmates in
their spare time, and are reasonably priced.*

*Items of quality and craftsmanship that
make excellent gifts, souvenirs, or additions
to the home or office.*

Leathercraft	Hand-Tooled Purses	Billfolds	
Paintings	Assorted Novelties	Costume Jewelry	Belts
Figurines	Needlepoint	Stuffed Toys	
Jewelry Boxes	Chests	Items Personalized On Order	



**TEN PERCENT OF ALL SALES ARE
DONATED TO THE INMATE WELFARE FUND**

THE OTHER SIDE

F.M. Morton

Editor's Note: In our March issue, we printed an article titled "Yes — You" in which we outlined certain views we held in connection with alcoholics. Adhering to the finest tradition in journalism, namely, presenting both sides, we publish below an article which has been handed to us. We print it in its entirety, word for word.

I have just finished reading your article, titled Yes — You, in your March issue of your magazine. This article, I feel, concerns me personally, and I believe your statements are misleading. I am, and always will be, an alcoholic. I have read hundreds of papers and books on the subject. I have attended scores of meetings, and spoken at many of them. In view of this, I feel I am justified to criticise your article.

In the first instance you state that you do not regard as ill the self-styled and medically-categorized alcoholics as determined by the 20 questions. No one does, but you will recognise the necessity of rules in any organization, and these 20 questions are phrased as a guide to (and I stress) the individual who, without benefit of these questions, would not recognise in himself the symptoms of alcoholism.

Secondly. You say there is a vast difference between a drinker and a drunk. Quite true: there is a world of difference, and in my humble way I will try to show you the difference. Personally I like to think of one as an alcoholic and the other as a drunk. First, the alcoholic, he or she, can come from any walk of life, or from any race, creed or colour, nor is alcohol any respecter of religion. It has been proven beyond a reasonable doubt that the true alcoholic has more brains, know-how, fortitude and just plain guts, than the average person in any walk of life. Somewhere down life's by-ways a terrible shock has hit him, and there it starts the slip over that invisible line from a moderate drinker to an alcoholic. This is not something you can see, or hear, or feel, for it is as silent as cancer and just as deadly. There are doctors, lawyers, dentists, policemen, engineers, firemen, and people from every walk of life who have fallen by the wayside. Then they somehow meet up with A.A. and, he or she, sees they are on a sea of disaster and that they have reached their rock bottom, but with a little assistance, honesty and friendship, he starts his climb back up the ladder of success, for even if he has become to

all outward appearances a hopeless drunk, the spark of life is still burning and only needs to be kindled, for he knows it only takes a little guts and fortitude and faith in a power greater than himself.

Now, the drunkard is a complete loss to humanity, for he has only one ambition in life, which is to get one more drink or one more bottle, and so in a very short space of time, he will have accomplished the one and only aim he has in life, and that is to drink himself to death.

Thirdly. You claimed to have talked to ten members of A.A. and you feel that half of them are sincere and the others are not. Do you think that as casually as you know A.A. (which you, yourself, admit), that you are justified in condemning, even to yourself, an organization which has a membership of hundreds of thousands (not all of them idiots) that has proven, and is proving, of unestimable value to the world and to humanity in general? The influence and recognition of A.A. can best be judged by the fact that in the City of Edmonton, Alberta, the Civil Service fired a chief of police and one or two constables for being alcoholics. They were later reinstated through becoming members of A.A. Believe me when I say this — no other organization, religious or otherwise, could have performed this miracle.

Fourthly. You say that it is your firm conviction that if the platform of A.A. were to accent the weakness angle and diminish the sickness angle, much more material help and sympathy would be forthcoming. I partly agree with this, but only partly. For you see, A.A. has turned down thousands of dollars from people who would like to have them sponsor and advertise their products. So you see, A.A. is not looking for materials gains. Secondly, as you say yourself, no one likes a whiner, and that's quite true, but it is also true that a true alcoholic does not want sympathy in any shape or form. In fact, they have a tendency to shy away from it like the pla-

Quotations of Quality

SOCIETY'S OBLIGATION —

from The Raiford Record, Jan./Feb. 1957

It often appears to be the required function of an editorial to champion a cause or idea. We have plenty of both. Too often many of us have championed wrong ideas, but in the main it was because we had no causes — only effects.

We were our own Don Quixote: fighting imaginary windmills of illusion and fancy. The rude awakening of arrest and incarceration brought graphic evidence of our former ignorance and misconception of values. We know that prison is not the answer to the solving of crime, but we have no better suggestion. We know that the present court and parole system is far from perfect and we're pleased to note that changes are being made in this direction.

We also know that much can be done to improve the prisons themselves, but by the same token we're forced to admit that these reforms are tough to accomplish in a minute.

Rehabilitation is the most abused term that is used in the language of penology, and we know that rehabilitation begins when the gates swing open and we leave clutching ten dollars in our hand, a brand of ex-con on our necks, and only faint hope for a chance on the outside.

This, then, is the real dragon. The rest are windmills. When society recognises that their obligation really begins upon release, then we can expect to see some evidence of the success of rehabilitation.

Certainly we have a cause, and if there is a banner that we are permitted to fly, then this is it. Rehabilitation upon release. We ask for just half the interest that was evidenced at our con-

viction, one tenth the expenditure of effort that was utilized in our arrest, one tiny fraction of sustained follow-through by a similar group that made sure that the arrest would be made, the charge filed, the prosecution made, and the sentence invoked.

There are scores of things that could be done, and prison officials are the first to recognize it. Mr. DeWitt Sinclair in speaking to the visitors at the recent meeting pointed out. "Rehabilitation begins when these men leave these fences. Then is when they need help. Then is when they need the interest, the guidance. We are doing all that we can here, it's up to you and those like you to prevent these men from returning."

We could rest our case with these remarks. Maybe we will but with just this reminder, society's obligation to itself really begins the day the 'con' becomes an 'ex.'

** ** ** **

WHAT IS A FRIEND? from STRAY SHOTS.

He is a person with whom you dare to be yourself. Your soul can go naked to him. He seems to ask you to put on nothing, only to be what you are. He does not want you to be better or worse. When you are with him you feel as a prisoner feels who has been declared innocent. You do not have to be on your guard. You can say what you think, express what you feel. He is shocked at nothing, offended at nothing, as long as it is genuinely you. He understands those contradictions in your nature that lead others to misjudge you. With him you can breathe freely. You can take off your coat and loosen your collar. You can avow your little vanities and envies, hates and vicious sparks, your meanness and absurdities, and in opening them up they are lost, dissolved in the white ocean of his loyalty. He understands you. You do not have to be careful. You can abuse, neglect him, berate him. Best of all, you can keep still with him, it doesn't matter. He likes you. He is like fire that purifies all you do. Through and underneath it all he sees, knows and loves — you. A friend, I repeat, is one with whom you dare to be yourself.

THE OTHER SIDE

gue, and any whiners that are in A.A. do not last long. They are shown the way A.A. works and they see some of the miracles that are performed. They can see the simplicity, honesty and understanding of the program: from there on they are on their own and they can climb as high up the ladder of success as they wish to go. The decisions are left up to the individual himself.

In closing, I would like to leave this thought with you and your readers. The secret of this

Continued from Page 6

A.A. is in keeping sober one day at a time, forget about yesterday for it has gone, and nothing you or I can do will bring it back. Tomorrow we may never see, so there is no need to worry about it. Today is all that really concerns us, and all we need to do is keep sober for the twenty four hours that are left in it.

Two hundred and fifty thousand members, all of whom medical experts claim ill, can't be wrong.

Young Lass: "Doctor, I want to talk to you about my boy friend. He sees spots before his eyes."

Doctor: "And why should that bother you, Miss?"

Young Lass: "Because he wants to park me in them."

The Naked Hour---*Lights Out*

by Retlaw Gif

It is then when the fact is felt, the mood is moulded, and the prison becomes a purgatory or promise, when darkness is your judge, and a cell the only witness to a man nobody knows...

Lights Out!

And you meet the man you once were, and the man you would be in other nights in other years. This is "your hour" when the soul speaks and the real man comes forth. The tired toughness, the false laughter, the indifference and the jailhouse sham are gone, and perhaps you're the man you wanted to be. You look out beyond the iron bars that tell of bitter moments past and present, and you speak with the man that is. And you ask of this hour.

Memories? A woman's kiss; a child's clenched fist; a wife's understanding; a friend's "fear not," and an enemy's damning curse.

You're the kid who was blessed with a home built by love, or the boy who saw love turned to hate. A divorce court solved one problem, a Superior Court solved another, not too many years later. You were the gunners mate on a trim battle cruiser or on the battlefield. But the life of the gun carried over when dreams of home turned sour, and you chose to make your own world.

As many hearts, as many reasons why for this night and its memories.
Lights Out!

And man-made lights are dimmed, and men's souls also grow dark with doubt and despair. The mask is off, the soul is bared, and you are alone. Then, and only then, do look within and dare to speak the truth.

Were you weak, vengeful, lustful, or depressed? Did you betray, trick, cheat or rob? Was there mercy, foolishness, morbidity, or maliciousness in your deeds? And did you really gain for it all?

And when this night is over, along with the many more that must follow, will you be able to pick up the broken pieces of your life, will you find acceptance, and will this all be forgotten in the "new life" that must be?

Questions in the night at "lights out."

And that last letter from home? They too are in prison; they too have a fight. Did you tell of hope, or utter despair? Did you not so much as ask for strength, as give it, in those

treasured lines which will be read and re-read many times by loving, lonely hearts? You know your tomorrows, even though they be rigidly regimented — they do not know theirs. Did you think of them when you took that awful step across the narrow line, dividing two worlds? And for many families, was the hurt too great to bear, the shame too deep to survive?

All this is part of the remorse, part of "your hour" at "lights out."

Did you damn or do; did you help or hinder; did you curse or conceive?

And what happened today?

Did you remember that you were not alone in this lonesome journey, and that tears can be shed by more than one man alone? It is so easy to hate everything and everybody; it is so easy to condemn all that breathe about you. Yet when the lights are out, they that hate you and condemn become you — for you are they, too.

And is there promise for the morning?

Yes, most certainly, yes! No man is defeated, lost or done until the Very End, for it is only then that his life can be fairly judged.

In the darkness of the night you can think many things, and become many people. You can have visions of grandeur, and build castles of delightful dreams, but better yet, you can look up at the sky, even through the bars, and count the stars.

Late? Never too late. If you can be a man and look within, and not be afraid to see what is there, and seeing, take stock, reassemble and build anew — this all can be a homecoming.

A homecoming to happiness, hope, love and deeper and more fruitful living. The nights ahead, and the days between, will yet be fraught with fright and hopelessness at times, and the heart and back will grow tired, but the man can be equal to the task and the hope involved.

Think! Remember! Pray, if you can — or will? Look within! Then sleep, and wake to the sure and brighter morning to be.



Radio Ramblings



Rick
Windsor

CAUGHT the top forty hits on our local station the other night. To compare these hits with those of ten or fifteen years ago would be atrocious. CKLC continues to enlighten everyone with their fine variety of music, plays, etc.

On the weekend we tuned in on Monitor. What a show! Go everywhere, see everybody. Miss Monitor, who gives the weather reports for the forty-eight states knocks us right out. She's the greatest. Bob and Ray are a pair of conniving comedians and keep us in stitches with their 'real life' inventions.

And WOSC in Oswego continues to hypnotize us with their choice on records. Tom Kolson is the greatest. Believe me, people — the greatest. Love that Earl Bostic's 'Where or When' and Randy Brooks rates second with his sentimental sax. Thanks for the records, Dad, real cool.

For the Station CKEY (the old stomping grounds) goes three cheers for the TALK OF THE TOWN. Ella Fitzgerald is their favourite platter and she rates real high on our list of best sellers in the record world.

On the 'Request for Records' show here at Collin's Bay, we finally came up with the ten top recordings. This, of course, includes our very few L.P.s. plus our 78 R.P.M.s. The following is a list of the top ten records.

1. Sinatra Sings L.P.
2. George Shearing L.P.
3. Martini Time, with Jackie Gleason Orch.
4. Ramona, by The Gaylords
5. Dinah Washington Album L.P.
6. Something Cool, L.P. with June Christie
7. Chris Connors Album, featuring Chris on vocals
8. Sweet Slumber, by Billie Doggett and Sax

9. Peggy Lee Album, featuring Miss Lee on vocals
10. Kay Starr Album

These are the most played discs on our Friday show. The best of these (speaking for myself) is Dinah Washington's Album, followed by Sinatra and George Shearing.

Back to the airways, and we pick up Mr. Tony Bennett, who is once again reaching for top rating in the vocal field. Tony's latest attempt of a real 'oldie,' 'Always' is selling like hot cakes. A great singer, he has had his ups and downs and has finally established himself as an outstanding vocalist. Mr. Fats Domino is really going crazy. Hit after hit, his latest 'I'm Walking' promises to reach the million mark in record time. Billie Doggett, long of saxophone fame, has added yet a third side to his already famous 'Honky Tonk' record. After a long time of bitter struggles, he has finally succeeded in making himself recognised. Gale Storm is also on the 'comeback' trail. Her latest effort 'Dark Storm' is a hit and promises to put her back to the 'Wheel of Fortune' heights.

For the Wm. B. Williams way down there in New York, a big hello and a thank you for the tremendous records you play. Real great, Willie! The world's best! You and the Tom in Syracuse should get together. What a show it would be!

Got to run until next month. See you then, and for a real treat to those of you who like GOOD MUSIC, I suggest you buy Dinah Washington's records of 'If It's The Last Thing I Do.'

That's all, people — Thirty — and out!

Hey, You - John Citizen

Ray Smith

THEY, out there — do you picture an inmate as a stoop-shouldered, hands-in-the-pockets, hat-over-the-eyes, cigarette-in-the-side-of-the-mouth sort of an individual? If you do, you should give up reading cheap fiction and viewing second-rate movies.

Prisoners are people, very real people, with very real problems. Each year over 120,000 people are committed to prisons, reformatories and penitentiaries across Canada. And with our population growing daily, we can expect this sizeable figure to become even bigger.

The education of the public in regard to the need for continuous improvement in the methods and facilities available for the treatment and after-care of the offender, is one of the prime jobs of our penal press.

It is the duty of every citizen to become better educated and informed about Canadian penal problems. If any progress in the penological field is to be made, every free citizen—especially employers—must take a greater interest in our over 120,000 committals a year.

It is most apparent that many members of our free society need education in regard to the problems surrounding inmates and ex-inmates. One of the most difficult problems that an ex-inmate must face upon release is the attitude of society. To illustrate this point, one need only look at the limited areas of employment open to men with criminal records.

Why is the employment area so limited? Why is the public attitude a difficult problem?

Why is it that an ex-convict is not allowed to forget that he is an ex-convict?

I do not know why: possibly it is because it is because society has a mixed-up, distorted idea as to what kind of an individual an ex-inmate is. People are too quick to picture inmates as three-headed monsters and the like.

Here we come to a point I would like to bring out: all inmates are not alike. It is important that society realize that every inmate is an individual — and a different one. They do not conform to type — rich man, poor man, beggar-man, thief — or some other sophisticated set of categories. Sure, each inmate has his own quirks and idiosyncrasies, but then, so do you!

If you must put us in categories — and it seems you must — please allow me to suggest a few. Some inmates are

like wheelbarrows — no good unless pushed
like canoes — they need to be paddled
like footballs — you can't tell which way they are going to bounce
like trailers — no good unless pulled

The majority are 100% all-round good fellows that everyone would like to see make good.

Each individual knows just about in which category he belongs. But still, we must all agree, each inmate is different and that his good qualities can only become apparent if society allows the scars of prison experiences to heal.

"When my boy friend pets with me, he reminds me of a locomotive."

"How?"

"Well, he doesn't huff and puff, but that boy is sure on the right track."

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Lawyer: "It would be better if you had a good alibi. Think hard now. Did anyone see you at the time of the crime?"

Client: "Fortunately, No!"

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In the Army they have an arrangement called "compassionate transfer," to describe special cases as when a soldier wants to be near a dying mother. Recently military headquarters received a letter from a soldier who said he had a wife in England, and added: "I want one of those passionate transfers."

WHAT IS A JUDGE?

(Reprinted from *The Island Lantern*, McNeil Island, Washington)

By Carl Sandburg

WHAT is a judge? The perfect judge is austere, impersonal, impartial, marking the line of right or wrong by a hairbreadth. Before him bow humbly, bow low, be a pilgrim, light a candle, for he is a rare avis, a rare bird, a white blackbird, a snow-white crow.

What is a judge? One may be the owner of himself, coming to his decisions often in a blur of hesitations, knowing by what snarled courses and ropes of reason justice operates, with reservations, in twilight zones.

What is a judge? Sometimes a mind giving one side the decision and the other side a lot of language and sympathy, sometimes washing his hands and rolling a pair of bones and leaving equity to a pair of galloping ivories.

What is a judge? He is a man. Yes, after all, and no matter what, and beyond procedure of investitures, a judge is nothing more or less than a man — one man having his one-man path, his one-man circle and orbit among other men each of whom is one man. Therefore, should any man open his mouth and speak as though his words have an added light and weight beyond the speech of any one man?

Of what is he the mouthpiece when he speaks? Of any ideas or passions other than those gathered and met in the mesh of his own personality? Can his words be measured forth in so special a realm of extract instructed by tradition that they do not relate to the living transitory blood of his vitals and brain, the blood so soon to cool in evidence of his moral kinship with other men?

In the light of the cold glimmer of what everybody knows, why should the owners of the judge speak respect for the law and the sanctity of the Constitution when they know so well how justice has been taken for a ride and thrown gagged and beaten into a ditch? Why is it now the saying of the people, "You can't convict a million dollars?" Why does a hoary proverb live on its allegation that the nets of the law gather the petty thieves and let the big ones get away? What does this mean in the homes of the poor? How does it connect with crime and the poor?

One-two-three-four-five-six-seven — every day the police seize this skulker who stole a bottle of milk and the court orders to jail this shadow who stole a loaf of bread, this wander-

er who purloined a baby sweater in a basement salesroom. And the case is dismissed of the railroadyard plainclothes detective who repeatedly called "Stop" to a boy running with a sack of coal and the boy not stopping, the dick let him have it. "It was dark and I could not see him clear and I aimed at his legs. My intention was to stop him running. I did not mean for the bullet to go so high on him." Thieves? Yes. Little thieves. And the big shots are something else? Yes. And you can't convict a million dollars? Not unless Tuesday is Saturday's neighbor.

What is a jury? Twelve men picked by chance and a couple of lawyers. Twelve good men and true, or not so good, six of one and a half dozen of the other.

A jury? A bundle of twelve fagots, a dozen human sticks, light and dark, with loves and hates. Protestant, Catholic, Jew, free-thinker, merchant, farmer, working man, thief, wets and dries, union and scab, savers and spenders, tightwads and crapshooters, locked in a room to come out saying "Yes" in one voice, "No" in one voice, or else, "Don't ask us what is justice, we agree to disagree," all in one voice.

A jury? Twelve names pulled out of a hat. Twelve people picked blindfolded from a city directory or a polling list. The next twelve crossing Main Street, two blocks from the post office: Odd Fellows, Masons, Knights of Columbus, deacons, poker-players, Democrats, Republicans, Independents, Klu Klux, Anti-Klu Klux, ball fans, chippies, chasers, tee-totalers, converts and backsliders.

Now you've got a jury. Add a few lawyers. Add newspapers, town gossips, "What everybody says." Add witnesses and evidence. Add it all. The jury verdict is guilty, not-guilty, or agree to disagree.

"Do you solemnly swear before the ever-loving God that the testimony you are about to give in this cause shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"No, I don't. I can tell you what I saw and I'll swear to that by the ever-loving God, but the more I study about it, the more sure I am that nobody but the ever-loving God knows the whole truth, and if you summoned Christ as a witness in this case, what He would tell you would burn your insides with the pity and the mystery of it."

The Inside Story

*News and views gleaned from the penal press;
Items of interest within the ken of an ever-broadening penological scheme.*

Sees Need For Penology Study

TORONTO — Donald Caughlan, director of probation services for Ontario, recently criticized Canada's lack of interest and facilities in the science of penology. He told a meeting of the Household Science Alumnae Association there are no university departments or professors prepared to deal with the subject.

Archie Moore Referees Bouts at Michigan Prison

JACKSON, MICH. — Archie Moore, current light-heavyweight champion, refereed two of the nine bouts on the boxing show staged at Jackson Prison by inmate fighters last month. Some 1,600 visitors paid \$1 or more to see the fights. The bouts were staged to raise funds for furnishing the new prison chapel.

Inmate Designs Prison Chapel

LORTON, VA. — Blueprints for an inter-denominational chapel at Lorton Reformatory, Lorton, Va., drawn up by an inmate who has never set foot inside a real church, are being studied by authorities here. The inmate, Francis C. Farmer, was converted to religion in jail and later was baptised at Lorton. He and another inmate, Ronald Jeter, devoted nearly 500 hours of their leisure time to constructing a scale model of the church.

Convicts Get Home Leave

LUCKNOW, INDIA—This country's united provinces government is trying out a plan of "home leave" for convicts. The object is to enable prisoners to renew family ties or to visit relatives. It is hoped that as a result they will be able to obtain jobs for themselves in advance of their release. It is being tried in the Benares district first. Prisoners applying for such leave must have worked within the prison for a period of three months. Ordinarily they will receive 15-day leaves, which can be extended if necessary.

More Heroes Freed

ALBANY, N.Y. — Eleven more prison inmates have been granted reduced sentences for their rescue work in the Rikers Island plane crash of February 1st. Governor Averell Harriman freed nine inmates at the New York City Penitentiary at Rikers Island and lessened the terms of two others. The action brought to 57 the number of prisoners who were rewarded for their rescue efforts following the crash of a Northeast Airlines plane carrying more than 100 persons.

Tennessee Prisoners Invade Tin Pan Alley

NASHVILLE, TENN. — A couple of song-writers are making a lot of money these days. The song is "Just Walkin' In The Rain." It is pouring royalties into the author's bank account. The tune and its lyrics are the work of two men who wrote it in prison. Johnny Bragg, 35, is serving 99 years in the Tennessee State Prison for murder. His collaborator is Robert S. Riley who has just finished a term at the prison. Riley said they wrote the song in 1953 on a typical "April Shower" afternoon at the prison. They were walking from the main prison building when Bragg remarked to Riley, "Here we are walkin' in the rain — I wonder what the girls are doin'."

"We got together and "Walkin' In The Rain" was born," Riley said.

Blood Donor Record Broken

IONIA, MICH. — The 1,450 inmates at the Ionia State Reformatory donated 1,024 pints of blood during a recent two-day drive by the Red Cross blood bank. This topped a previous high of 999 pints donated by the inmates during a blood bank drive in December, 1952. Red Cross officials said that during a one-year period inmates donated 3,829 pints of blood, a record among the nation's penal institutions.

Convicts Ask "Break"

PHILADELPHIA, PA. — Twelve convicts met with representatives of the three Philadelphia newspapers recently in an attempt to gain more favourable publicity for prisoners.

The dozen inmates of Eastern Penitentiary, all staff members of the Eastern Echo, the prison's publication, met in a conference room at the prison with permission of Warden William J. Banmiller. Neither he nor any members of his staff were present.

The convicts said they were speaking not only for themselves but for prisoners everywhere.

"We, as a group, are stigmatized," one said. "We want to build a bridge between us and the public. We don't want to be coddled, babied, or have a red carpet thrown before us; but to pay our penalty and get a fair break."

The convicts' main concern was unfavourable publicity after requests had been made for parole, when prisoners have served their minimum sentences.

"A man may have served ten years with good conduct but when he comes up for parole adverse newspaper publicity can throw that man's chances out the window," an inmate said.

"More than 50 per cent of the prison population are repeaters," another told the group, "but we feel that the anti-social attitude of society treating the ex-prisoner as an outcast drives them back to crime. That is our problem and why we ask your help."

The group included five prisoners convicted of murder, others for forgery, armed robbery, and sale of narcotics.

U.N. Calls For Bar-Less Prisons

NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. — The United Nations Congress on the Prevention of Crime and Treatment of Offenders called for prisons without locks or bars for as many prisoners as possible.

The 60-nation congress, in a nine-point recommendation, urged that the largest possible number of prisoners should be sent to "open type" institutions.

It defined an open institution as characterized "by the absence of material or physical precautions against escape (such as walls, locks, bars, armed or other special security guards) and by a system based on self-discipline and the inmates' sense of responsibility toward the group in which they live."

Individual suitability should govern selection for admission to such institutions, as well as the likelihood that social readjustment would be a better system, the congress said.

Inmate-Built Highway Completed In California

CHINO, CALIF. — Tribute to the work of California penal inmates was paid recently by the Pasadena Chamber of Commerce at a ceremony celebrating the completion of the Angeles Crest Highway. The construction of this roadway was a marathon task — one in which prison inmates carried the heavy share of the burden. The final link in this highway chain was a 16.3 mile inmate-built road through the San Gabriel Mountains, including two tunnels, one 120 feet and the other 414 feet long.

A hundred volunteers from Chino Correctional Institution, working under non-prisoner supervision, laboured ten years on this stretch which connects Cedar Springs and Blue Ridge. Now the Angeles Crest Highway, rising in places to an 8,000-foot elevation, offers awe-inspiring vistas for sightseers and gives winter sports fans a direct route from Los Angeles to the Big Pines Area, and provides a shortcut to Las Vegas.

Having completed their herculean chore, the inmates are now building an 11-mile spur from Angeles Crest Highway to Crystal Lake, where it will connect with State Highway 39. This work is expected to be completed in 1961.

Six Localities Qualify For Engineers Exams

COLLIN'S BAY, ONT. — Approximately six inmates at this institution have qualified for stationary engineers examinations, it was announced recently. Mr. Shaw, of the Ontario Board of Examiners, Toronto, is scheduled to conduct the tests for those men seeking their fourth-class stationary engineers tickets.

Qualifications for the test include one year's minimum experience in firing time, maintenance to boilers, pumps, steam lines and a general knowledge of boiler safety.

Men may apply firing time gained in the institution's boiler house toward receiving their third-class tickets. Last year five men undertook and successfully passed fourth-class engineers tests conducted by Mr. Shaw.

Poetry in Prison

The years of worry left lines of care
Upon her weathered, weary face,
And streams of grey adorned her hair
That blew in winds with God-given grace.

Possessed with spirit, grace and charm,
Her head held high amid the throng,
She led her flock throughout life's harm,
And gave each childish heart a song.

Blessed by a God unseen, but known,
A halo shone from each hair's tress,
In solitude she would bemoan,
But in each prayer would only bless.

The love that beat beneath her breast
Was that which God alone could make,
Her soul was all that could find rest,
Even though her heart did break.

Beneath the soil — beyond the grave,
Where worldly life no more can smother,
The love so freely that she gave,
Lies the angel of man — somebody's mother.
Eugene Ford

MY THOUGHTS

I do not need a special day
To have you on my mind,
The days I do not think of you,
Are very hard to find.

You have so many pleasant ways
Of being kind and true,
That every day along life's way,
Holds loving thoughts for you.

Norm Hale

TO MY DEAREST WIFE

To my dearest wife, my only one,
How can I repay the damage I've done?
I think of the times I made you blue,
I think of the times you were so true.

When out I went with so-called friends,
Drinking, and dancing, to the end,
You sat at home with nothing to do,
Just waiting, and thinking, and feeling so blue.

I've turned a leaf in the book of life
For Linda, and me, and my dear wife.
Most of all I want you to know,
I won't fail you now, 'cause I love you so.

I see a future, not prosperous, but bright,
I make my plans nearly every night.
I know that I can make them last,
If you'll forget my miserable past.

Eldon McCorkell

UNTITLED END

The setting sun reflects tomorrow's matter,
And starlit skies enshroud the light of day,
While overhead the sea-gulls offer chatter
To tided waves that frolic as they may.

The embers from a campfire softly glowing,
Each flame recalls the somestead fireplace,
My heart cries out from never ever knowing,
That years gone by entailed a state of Grace.

Where, then, beyond the blue-white skyline,
Will my liberties of life retire?
How can I concede my own life's byline,
Settled down where there's no warming fire?

When comes the day that darkness stays forever,
And my heart beats still to man's desire,
Shall the light I see be one to revere,
Or darkness on the other side retire?

DREAMING

As I sit here alone, I am thinking of you,
I'm bringing back memories that make me feel
blue.

The days that we spent in sweet ecstasy,
The nights that we shared, just you and me.
It's hard to decide why God placed his hand
Upon our dear future, to help us understand
That we, neither, were perfect in all our ways,
But must help one another, through all our last
days.

I will help you with the problems you have,
You will help me, then again we can laugh:
There will be no more sorrow, no pain or grief,
If we'd just settle down and have a belief.
A belief in our future, to brighten the way,
And before we retire, each night we will pray.
We'll all pray together, to the good Lord above,
For offering a chance to return all his love.
This way we'll be happy and know we will find,
That all our old troubles, are left far behind.

An Inmate's Wife

HAIR, HAIR!

At first I had a blonde love,
And now a sleek brunette:
Tomorrow'll bring a redhead —
I'll date all colours yet.

You may think I'm fickle,
Or that I can't be true:
But these are all the same girl —
It's just the hair that's new.

Penscope

THE WAY YOU MUST FEEL

With all tomorrow's dreams and hopes
You lie behind those walls each night,
On a bed in a lonely cell
Watching for dawn's approaching light,
The bars are a sad reminder
You were once on the other side,
Do you remember your first night there?
How you must have bowed your head and cried.

You know now freedom can't be bought
It's a privilege, and must be earned,
It's rue — you only cheat yourself;
How well those facts you must have learned,
To be away from those you love,
And be cast aside by mankind,
You must pray the day will soon draw near
When you will leave those bars behind.
(Mrs.) Peggy Robson

OBTAIN

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
"Nor iron bars a cage..."
We do not wish to contradict
An honoured bard and sage;
But when walls of stone and bars of steel
Are placed in right relation,
If they don't make a prison
They're a darned good imitation!
The Tactless Texan

TO A ROBIN

I knew not love,
Until you came
And touched my lonely heart
With cupid's flame.
I knew not Paradise until
You perched and sang a sonnet
On my window-sill.
I knew not love of God
Or anything
Until you came
And touched my heart in Spring.
William Fritsley

SUCCESS

The secret of success I think,
Is the constancy of your aim.
To reach the goal you set in life,
So oft may cause you pain.

Somewhere along the way,
A spot's reserved for you.
To reach that spot you must have faith,
In all the things you do.

Success does not come easy,
Nor is it out of reach.
Just have the determination,
And heed when wise men speak.
Doug Foster

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An Indianapolis woman returned a fancy nightgown to a store, gave as the reason for the return:
"I need a cookbook instead."

** _____ ** ** _____ ** ** _____ **

A bachelor is a selfish, callous, undeserving man who has cheated some poor women out of a divorce. Also, a man who never makes the same mistake once.

** _____ ** ** _____ ** ** _____ **

Los Angeles police are looking for the guy who held up the cashier of a movie theatre. Said he to the cashier:
"I don't like the movie. Give me everyone's money back."

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THE INSIDE STORY

Labour Officials Visit Penitentiary

Fifteen members of the Canadian Labour Congress, accompanied by Assistant Prison Commissioner J.A. McLaughlin, recently toured Collin's Bay Penitentiary for the purpose of viewing vocational training facilities here. Also accompanying the party were Messrs. Kirkpatrick and McCabe of the John Howard Society.

Purpose of the visit, according to Mr. Cushing, executive vice-president of the Canadian Labour Congress, was to assess the local train-

Continued from Page 13

ing program with the view of ascertaining the thoroughness of trade instruction and experience.

Another labour spokesman, Mr. Havery, coordinating director for the C.L.C., said there is a possibility that in future, as a result of the group's inspection, ex-inmates applying for membership in local trade unions might be given credit for their on-the-job training and experience received here at The Bay.

It was the group's first such visit to a penal institution.

Romancing with Music

by Ray Smith

** ** ** *

THE playing of guitars or banjos, and the singing of refrains like "De Blues Ain't Nothing, No, De Blues Ain't Nothin' But A Good Man Feelin' Blue" was the music of the Negroes just after the Civil War. From the saloons, bawdy houses and honky-tonks of the Southwest came the Blues. Good men feeling blue gave birth to the blues, singing of their misfortunes.

I think it's safe to say that 'Blues' style music started with the 'sad music' of the lower strata of Negro society — the deep-throated song of a harrassed people. And the Blues, as we know them today, were given their harmonic and melodic colour by W.C. Handy. His greatest classics are The St. Louis Blues and The Memphis Blues.

The son of a pastor, William Christopher Handy was born in Florence, Alabama on November 16th, 1873. His father's stern disapproval, backed up by the hickory stick, was not enough to stop young Handy from studying music in great secrecy. At an early age, W.C. Handy ran away with a minstrel show, and so started a great career.

Handy wrote his first Blues tune in 1909 for a mayoralty campaign. A Mr. Crump was running on a reform ticket, so Handy called his campaign song 'Mr. Crump.' It was a blues song because Handy felt only a song of the Blues would bring the voters of Beale Street behind a reform platform.

Long after the excitement of the election was over, the people of Memphis were humming the melody Handy had written for his candidate. Handy was inspired by the tune's continued popularity, and at his own expense published it again under a new title. The new title was 'Memphis Blues' and it was the first blues ever to be published.

The 'Memphis Blues' was a great national success that brought Handy not a cent in revenue, so he rented a room on Beale Street in Memphis and started work on a successor to The Memphis Blues.

The work on Handy's new blues tune went — but let us quote from his autobiography:

"While occupied with my own miseries during the sojourn, I had seen a woman whose pain seemed even greater. She had tried to take the edge off her grief by heavy drinking, but it hadn't worked. Stumbling along the poorly-lighted street, she muttered as she walked: "My man's got a heart like a rock cast in the sea . . ." By the time I had finished all this heavy thinking and remembering, I figured it was time to get something down on paper, so I wrote: 'I hate to see de evenin' sun go down.' If you ever had to sleep on the cobbles down by the river in St. Louis, you'll understand the complaint."

And so Handy's great masterpiece, The St. Louis Blues was born. Among W.C. Handy's musical triumphs were such famous blues pieces as "Beale Street Blues" "Yellow Dog Blues" "John Henry Blues" "Sundown Blues" "Basement Blues" "Harlem Blues" etc. etc.

In Memphis there is a public park named after him, and on the occasion of Handy's sixty-fifth birthday a stirring tribute was paid to him at Carnegie Hall. W.C. Handy's greatest work was The St. Louis Blues and it was played for King Edward VIII by the pipers of Scotland. Queen Elizabeth of England has listed The St. Louis Blues as one of her favourite numbers. Handy's classic has also been performed by the Royal Band in front of Haile Selassie's palace frequently.

"Music expresses that which cannot be said and on which it is impossible to be silent."

.....Victor Hugo

A group of tiny tots were overheard discussing their arrival in this big world. The versions differed somewhat. Billy claimed that his folks had bought him in a big department store. Tommy said the stork brought him, and Diane said the doctor had brought her. Then a very tiny Miss piped us, but rather modestly: "My folks were too poor to buy me, I was homemade." (From Barometer.)

Being an amused peruse of the news and other trivia.

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Reelin' & Dealin'

with Bill & Rick

The big day is over, and the new Committee has been elected. We are hoping they do the job we want them to, and we wish them all the best in their efforts during the coming year.... And for the St. Patrick Day crowd, we have to congratulate O'DEANO, O'CUNEO, O'ISENBERG and O'FOXO for the way they carried out the Irish tradition.... Seems that JOE SULLIVAN tried to get into the act but the Irishmen just wouldn't have no part of a spy in their midst.

And the RON PORTISS has cut us off. The kid is going to get just one more chance to prove he can make payments and then the real scandal is going to hit the headlines in the June issue. What about it, PAL?... And how about the GAZA STRIP? Is it as good as it sounds, STEVE, or is it just another job? Seems the Farmer's Friend is doing fine at the new job... As for the SHADOW. How come we never heard from you in the last issue? Surely you haven't given up the cause? If you give us the cell location, we will try to give you the proper tools, such as the paper and the ink... The WEASEL and THE BROWNIE on the Bull Gang are in complete charge and the rest of the men are following suit.

The JIM JIM WILDROOT in the Barber Shop is doin' fine and the kid is gettin' very short. Seems the last guy in the chair always ends up with a complement of the guy's hair... And the WORM FACE OLD ARCH is really lookin' handsome these days and in the next thirty, he will be gone... The newest sensation in the Tonsorial Department is young ED GREEN. This young man is doin' real fine in there and he is going to be one of the best turned out in the history of The Bay... And the JOHN FOX is in the shop and he has the interest to make a fine barber... And the case of the MISSING PANTS in the change room. It seems the DEAN sent a pair of his drapes into the laundry to have them bleached. The Chinaman in this case was the OLD FAITHFUL SEDGE. Well, the pants were put in the washer along with the bleach, and fifteen minutes later, when the door of the washer was opened, out came the remains — TWO BUTTONS AND THREE BELT LOOPS. Seems you have all the luck, old man! ... And LAWRENCE MAYERS and the new outfit. What are you tryin' to do, lad?

You should ever be so lucky as to be able to go steady... A look through the change room window any Friday will bring LITTLE RAY to view, working and smilin' as always. This young 'un may not qualify for a Man of Distinction advert, but he will be right at the top when they run a series Why Girls Leave Home!... The little EDDIE TURNER and the TED MENARD are out for the spring training season already so soon yet. Seems the pair of them are going to try for the Majors this season ... See MR. GLOVES is givin' some of the lads a real tough row to hoe for no apparent reason... And it finally happened — the WALTER SZAK is going home. A nice guy in every department, and we are glad to see you leavin' for the free world. Take it easy out there, and good luck from the whole joint... DAVE in the Garage wants the new tractor to come so that he can go to the QUARRY to load stone... The VIRGIN will be home no later than this June 20th... The fastest way to find out who your friends are is to come to jail and see how much mail rolls in for the rest of the bit... GERRY, The DESERT FOX, let us down, and the one guy we thought we could depend on... Special hello to COACH RILEY and the BOYS at the El... A warning to all JUNE BRIDES — don't do it until you get a look at the RICK and the BILL. Oh you lovely things... BIG RON has another approach. You remind me of my brother. How come, RONALD, old man? How a guy can have so many brothers is beyond the reproach of the Yours Trulies.

To those who may have been interested, a TOMBSTONE leaves only a cold reminder of the things that used to be. Need we say more? ... What happened to THE SWAMPIE? Are you through, or what? Did the fire die out? Or did you throw away the old torch? Only eight to go, and short, short, real short... AND HERE IT GOES — the play of the year on the handball court. The score was ten to eight for OPALCHUK AND THE PARTNER. There was one out and the BIG BILL threw the ball for a short. The next serve he yelled "Who wants it?" and threw the thing over the wall. Oh well, Willie, don't let it get you down. And the thing that hurts most is the fact that the WEE BE BOP A ROONIE MOE FERRO made all the points and OPAL

blew the only chance he had to be a hero... Don't know what you got MR. DEAN in One Block, but whatever it was, we wish we had it. Seems they are infatuated whenever you go around the place. It isn't a case of good looks, because you just ain't got them.

"CHEETAH" MYERS stuck his kisser in the window of the barber shop the other day and the JOHN FOX had a fit. What a thing to do, fella. It wouldn't be too bad, but did you ever look in the mirror? You and the DEAN seem to be a perfect pair... And what about THE MURPHY? Is it as bad as it looks, or are you just killing time?... The NEW COMMITTEE are working hard, and the Staff wish you the best of luck in the coming year. Stick in and pitch, as you have the cooperation of the men... And to quote the ancient BILL COLE from one of his recent speeches: "I'm not TOO OLD!" Oh man, you are the oldest yet, and it is about time you told us how you blew the MOSS. Must have been some job to make you pull out the hair... The OLD VIRG is typing this bit, and sneakin' it in when BILL and RICK aren't present. To JUNE BRIDES or DECEMBER BRIDES, pay little attention to the chimerical fulminations and utopian somnambulism of these wold-be STAGE DOOR JOHNNIES. Talk is cheap, and promises, promises, promises... but VIRG hasn't been weighed and found wanting—yet!... SPRING IS HERE, AND THE GRASS IS RIS — I WINDER WHERE THOSE TICKETS IS ... And FRED STAHLBAUM and the case of the broken leg. If anyone can rile them up, it is the old Stobby... And the RODGER DODGER is runnin' around the joint, worryin' whether or not he will have the Uppers in time for the next steak... And the LITTLE DONALD McLEAN is really puttin' on the weight in the last couple of months. Seems the VI is the cause of it in some peculiar way... And the RON PORTISS has made the press again for the third or fourth time in this same issue. We know you are good lookin' old man, and all you have to do is convince the young 'uns... BE BOP A LULU AND HIS MOB are livin' it high since the BRUINS made the playoffs. The kid seems to think they will go all the way and win the STANLEY CUP... All the guys were on the ball field in the last week and the cream of the crop seems to be the OLD CHISEL CHIN on the mound. The kid threw the ball very hard and across the plate for seven innings and the only hits he gave up were seven homers, two triples, eight doubles and twelve singles... And the ANCIENT JIM LESLIE is about the same age

as his idol, BOB LEMON... SOUR PUSS AND ALL... And THE TACTLESS TEXAN gave the INSALUBRIOUS ONE a real going over to the satisfaction of everyone. Just imagine that big brave hero and the case of the poor old rub... GOODBYES to the following in the coming TWO MONTHS — My old buddy ARCHIE in the barber shop, WEE JAKE ISENBERG of baseball fame, our asset to the Bay in the person of WILDROOT JIMMY BECK, to BRUNO and to the ever-popular ticket-of-leave act that is going to give someone their freedom over the EASTER HOLIDAYS and after... BIG STEW and His Mob are going great guns, and we are with you all the way... Boy, the scandal sheet is runnin' short of scandal — THE PROPER SCANDAL. Seems we have to slow down on some of the names and the places in the joint and the street, too. Kind of minor, and nothin' to it, but when you got to go, you got to go... And the GUY WITH THE PEACH COMPLEXION, BILLY HARDY is still smilin' and the lad is doing the bit like an old pro. Just to make sure everyone sees him and his smile, he got a brush cut last week and it makes him look like a teenage BOP A ROONIE... FERGY FERGUSON is leaving—what a break! This guy eats more than any other ten and maybe we will get a little more now that he is leaving for greener pastures... STOP THE PRESS!!!! OPALCHUK just won a game of handball. Who did he beat? THE ARCH and THE RICK, and he almost gave them a shady skunk. Nice goin' WALLY... BIG JACK was another of the also-rans and the OPE walked over him and his partner, too... And the story for the month is a dandy! Seems the POS and the Dunn were in a rather peculiar position t'other day in the change room. We asked them about it to relay the proper story to you and all we got were DENIALS... We'll check and lay out the whole thing in the next issue... And the latest scandal on the BALL FANS is the rapid change of teams in the NATIONAL LEAGUE. AL CORRIE & THE RODGER IS GOING WITH THE BRAVES ... What fools. Our joke of the month gose like this. A man was sitting in a bar in NEW YORK CITY and struck up conversation with another bar-fly who happened to be sitting beside him. After ascertaining that his companion's name was TEX he asked him where he hailed from. Tex replied "Louisiana." The man was naturally intrigued and asked why he was called Tex when he was from Louisiana. The EXTHATHERPERATED reply was "YOU DIDN'T WANT THEM TO CALL ME LOUISE DID

YOU? VERY MYTHTERIOUTH. But what did you EKTHEPT from a TEXAN?...

SQUEAK and the B.W. are very thick... JOE AND THE 12 by 20 still at it... COCO looks pretty thin sittin' beside the BIG ROBBY... Old FRED S. stays at the back of the show cause he's just too old to walk up to the front... JOE & IVER shakin' it real easy... The BIG PIG still like the shows and is a regular attendant... How come some get the grade 3 after a couple of months and others haven't got it after many, many months...

How come AL had to go for the cigarettes JOHN? Couldn't you trust him with Sweets?? IVER must be quite a cut up on the street...

Who were the MEN caught boostin' the hen fruit. Prices have gone up on this delicacy and the pay check just wouldn't allow it... And to the guys across the road who took part in the fight card last month. We liked the results and we longed to be able to see them in person... All the managers and the commissioners are up before the committee this week to see who handles the reins for the coming ball season. We hope to fill you in on th sports page this issue as to the results of these meetings...

Very short on the scandal for this issue and the boss man threatens to fire us if we don't produce a little more in the very near future... See you all in the next issue, so bye till then...

the MAIL BOX

The Diamond Staff -

I agree One Hundred percent with 'Down With Discrimination' by Ricky. A wonderful article, and so true.

Now re Coco's new coat and the story on Ramona — well, you know how it is!

I'll be out soon and as soon as I get a job I'll make sure to send my dollar for the Diamond as soon as I am on my feet.

Good luck, fellows.

Coco

What About Me?

I noticed an article in the Diamond the other day, entitled "Yes — You" and it is very well written. That much I will say, but somewhere along the line the author seemed to get off the track. The last meeting we had, a very learned speaker who is a subscriber to the Diamond, by the way, pointed out one fact after another. The first is that the Twenty Questions were not conceived by A.A. but by The Johns Hopkins Memorial Centre, which is one of the best hospitals in the world. In their opinion, these are the basic qualifications to determine an alcoholic. Take the first point:

How many successful men have got ahead because they did not need that drink at the end of a trying day, but found other forms of relaxation?

(2) Why do you need that drink before dinner and a few after in the evening? Can you not relax and enjoy yourself just as much without alcohol?

(3) Why drink to mix with people? There are various organizations that can provide congenial company without supplying liquor.

(4) Would not a prospective customer think just as much of you and close the deal without drinking if he found out you do not drink? It is not primarily you he is interested in, but the business.

(5) Why try to get ahead by drinking with the right people at the right time when you can do it on your own? It may be harder, but at least you know you have earned it on your merits.

(6) I don't play golf, so wouldn't venture an opinion on this.

(7) Why drink with company? In fact, why drink at all?

Why is it so many doctors, policemen, judges, etc. are beginning to realize it is an illness if it is not so? Who is there that will deny, with so many influential people for it and agreeing on it, that it is an illness? It is classified in the same category as drug addiction, which everyone almost agrees is an illness. It is getting harder and harder to get away with a plea in court that you were drunk, because the learned judiciary are no fools. They can pretty well spot an alcoholic from a drinker. To close this out, if our learned friend would read the Twelve Traditions, he would see the following:

We of A.A. are not looking for sympathy, and material help, but put our trust in a Greater Power to overcome all shortcomings and show us what to do and how to do it.

William Schell

THE PROBLEM of REFORM

by Senator David A. Croll

Senator Croll worked his way through law school selling newspapers at the exit of the Detroit-Windsor Tunnel. He enlisted in the Canadian Army as a private and was discharged as his regiment's commanding officer. He served as a Cabinet Member in his province's government and later as a member of the Federal Parliament. Today he is a Senator. Through the years Senator Croll has never lost that common touch which made him the champion of the newsboy, the working man, the man in the ranks and even the man behind the walls.

PRISONERS have no alumni association, no boosters, no lobby groups and no fan clubs. And because they don't have these things, it is our duty and responsibility to give consideration to such matters.

Inmates of prisons, reformatories and penitentiaries are in the main a huge floating population of forgotten men and women. They are people who, whatever their intrinsic worth, have been lifted out of society and for the time being immobilized.

I am not disputing the principle of punishment, but what we must always concern ourselves with is the nature of the punishment and what is to happen to these people after their punishment is over.

These are considerations which no one — be he legislator, teacher, clergyman, or private citizen — can afford to ignore. We must be ever and ever reviewing and overhauling our penal system just as we do our educational system because, in its own way, the penal system is also important.

The past history of crime is so shocking that I think few people today could read it through without abhorrence. Most of that is gone now. Our criminal laws and their enforcement are infinitely more humanitarian than they ever were before.

And yet, old habits of thought die hard. We have still not altogether rid ourselves of the old belief that a person who has committed a crime is an outcast or an outlaw, and that he has forfeited all his rights; particularly the right to be considered and treated as a human being. What has been called the "Bastille Complex" has not died. The only remedy some people can conceive of for wrongdoing is punishment and more punishment. If a man offends against our laws, they say, "lock him

up — put him away." But they often overlook the question of what we are going to do with him while he is locked up.

They are suddenly vague when it comes to matters like prison therapy, rehabilitation, probation, and the like.

To my mind, punishment without cure is worthless. It is one thing to take people out of society when they break the law but it is equally our duty to put them back into society. We have got to do more than simply open the prison door and turn them loose.

One thing is very clear. We are not doing the job as it should be done and as it is being done elsewhere. We may be punishing, but we are doing little to cure. The problem of penal reform is a vital problem and a continuing one.

It is generally agreed that a sane program of probation is a vital part of any penal system. For experience has shown that the people whom you don't send to prison are more important than the people you do send to prison.

Does anyone doubt this? Then let me tell you that 75 per cent of all first offenders placed on probation in Ontario never again get into trouble.

On the other hand, only 25 to 35 per cent of those who do time in Ontario reformatories, and 21 per cent of those in penitentiaries, stay out of trouble.

For years the problems of penology have been buried behind the thick stone walls of our penitentiaries. It is more than time that we pulled them out into the sunlight and have a good look at them.

Today the emphasis in penology has been shifted from repression to rehabilitation.

THE PENAL PRESS SAYS

Grossi

Not By Choice

When a man is escorted into the prisoners dock of a court room, he may be a husband, father, a worker and a taxpayer, accustomed to accepting responsibility for his own actions and for the actions of others.

By frowning at him over his spectacles and speaking a few simple phrases, the judge does not transform him into a sullen, snarling beast without decency or honor. Even if he has failed once or twice society may still appeal to some side of his nature never before tapped, and if he is treated as a self-reliant, sensible man he may react as one.

True when press and radio reports bring to light the existence of ball teams, hockey teams and amateur shows, or you read a penal publication, the miseries of paying a debt to society may appear easy to bear. But can you imagine any person in control of their faculties choosing to live here?

—Mountain Echoes
Stoney Mountain Penitentiary
Stoney Mountain, Manitoba

No Preventive

No form of capital punishment; the hangman's noose, gas chamber, electric chair or firing squad, poses a greater threat to criminals than that which they face while in the act of committing a crime. To my knowledge, no prisoner has ever admitted being intimidated before committing a crime.

"Before I committed my crimes," one man said, "I didn't even know they had capital punishment (hanging) in Iowa." The thought had never entered his mind — nor had it entered the minds of thousands of other law breakers.

Because no criminal expects to be caught, it is poor logic to assume that capital punishment deters crime. And wouldn't it be foolish for any man to deliberately break a law (even commit murder) believing he would be caught? Even if this were true, there is no evidence that so-called deterrents are effective crime stoppers.

—Bob Jelinek
The Presidio
Fort Madison, Iowa

Suspicious Confirmed!

A criminal court judge in Indianapolis rejected a request by an attorney to have jury members in a robbery case examined by a psychiatrist. The court's ruling: "There is no statutory requirement that a juror be sane."

—Monthly Record
Conn. State Prison
Wethersfield, Conn.

Buyer Incentive

When it comes to selling contraband, I know a dude who beats them all. Of course he has a system. He gives Green Stamps...

—Gene Hoover
The Angolite
Angola, Louisiana

Life's Challenge

Nothing brings out the best in man like adversity. When times are at their worst, some men are at their best. Just as toil exercises the muscles, so does trouble and opposition stretch our minds. We grow by loss as well as by gain. Sometimes we become higher as life erodes away the altitude of our ego.

—J. Arthur Phillips
The Stretch
Lansing, Kansas

Informer Calibration

Competent law enforcement should be based on prevention of crime, not confined to post-crime activities. And to the conscientious, honest and respectable police officer, an informer is just about the lowest, most unreliable form of animal life.

A stool-pigeon works for any person whose favor he needs at a given moment. He will say or do anything necessary to gain that favor. Tomorrow he will sell out to a higher bidder.

—Weekly Progress
Michigan State Prison
Marquette, Mich.

Penal Press Services

Through the services of penal organs the public can and will learn of the work being done behind prison walls that greatly benefit society and the human race by men who are sometimes considered by the uninformed as hardened and worthless brutes. Ultimately the Penal Press could figure prominently in reducing the stigmatism of a prison record, paving the rutted road to respectability for those who have paid their pound of flesh.

—The New Day
Ohio State Reformatory
Mansfield, Ohio

That Vindictive Attitude

Penology isn't an exact science, but it is an exacting science. The career penologists are

groping their way toward a solution. They need more public cooperation and understanding, not the handcuffing methods used that tie a penologist's hands. Surely after all these years, crime being on the increase as it is, it certainly must be apparent that the outmoded concept of curing criminals by punishment isn't effective. Yet whenever the public becomes angered over a recent outbreak of crime, it immediately resorts to that vindictive attitude. It acts upon the assumption that punishment is inefficient, and begins putting its astute mind to work in order to punish the man further.

—Ray Blaine
The Pathfinder
Prince Albert, Sask.



THE PROBLEM OF REFORM

Building more jails is not the solution to the problem of crime. The real answer lies in reforming convicted men and not in teaching them worse patterns of crime. The solution to the alarming increase in crimes lies in many things; it starts in our homes, our churches, and our communities. But perhaps, from our point of view, it is probation, parole, rehabilitation, and after-care. Our criminal statistics prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that the lock-up and the strap will not work.

It is one thing to sentence a man to prison for breaking the law; it is another — and to date a very neglected thing — to consider and review from time to time the propriety and usefulness of a man's sentence.

We need a better system of getting a man ready to return home after a prison sentence. We need to give more thought to reintegrating a man into the community from which he has been absent.

A genuine system of rehabilitation is society's best protection against the convicted offender. Otherwise we keep paying the piper.

I have some suggestions to make. First, I think consideration should be given to institution home leave, under which well-behaved prisoners would be granted leave at regular intervals, in the interest of marital relations, family life and discipline.

Continued from Page 21

Second, I think we should give consideration to instituting a system of rehabilitation leave to be granted to deserving prisoners whose release is not too far in the future, and to be progressively increased as the time for release becomes imminent. The purpose of the leave would be to accustom the prisoner to normal home surroundings and to the community, and permit him to make necessary arrangements for earning a livelihood upon his final release.

Heretofore, a criminal has been a dead man as far as his worth to the country was concerned. The task ahead is to bring him back to life, to restore him to his full status in the community. The only alternative is to drive him deeper and deeper into crime.

The difficulty is that back in our minds are catch phrases which we have learned in song and lore — such as, "Make the punishment fit the crime," when as a matter of fact in this day and age it is far more practical to "Make the punishment fit the criminal."

Prisoners are people not much different from you and me. No one is born a criminal. Some have just taken the wrong turn.

(Editor's Note: The forgoing was condensed from a speech delivered by Senator Croll in the Senate during a recent debate on penal reform.)

SPEAKING of SPORTS

By Rick Windsor

Well, with the coming of Spring time, a new interest bows in at Ye Olde Bay. Shortly before we went to press the managers and the two Commissioners were chosen and before we put the next edition to bed, we'll have the complete listings of players and teams for both leagues.

Changes this year? First of all, the coming ball season will do away with the old monickers of the major and minor leagues. From here on in the respective leagues will be titled the National League and the American League.

The Commissioners for the year are John Fox and Joe Jackson. Both these capable men have had the necessary experience and they are equipped to present us with a good season insofar as the ball sessions are concerned.

Johnny Fox will look after the National League while his counterpart takes over reins for the American loop.

The managers for the season in the National League make for an impressive pillar of names, as witness:

Miles Simpson	Ted Menard	Norman Priestly	Ralph Lundrigan (Jockey)
And likewise, in the American League we have the following men holding the reins:			
Ray Renaud	Fred Marsden	Jimmy Hale	Larry Laramee

One of the more outstanding things the men are doing this year is displaying a considerably larger interest than previous seasons we can recall. Everybody, even the most remotely interested in the local sports scene is looking forward to a successful season this time around. We should have the complete line-ups for the year ready for our June edition.

The umpire school is under way once more and we have a few localites who show promise of panning out into first rate play-callers — and that, of course, should make for much better ball all the way around. The school is putting forth a rugged test and the scholars must at least come up with passing grades in the art of strike-and-ball calling, plus the other usual rudiments of their chosen art, before they can participate actively in a for-real game. All in all, it looks like a worthy endeavour from where we sit. The guys involved show keen interest and enthusiasm in doing a good job being behind the man behind the man behind the plate.

There has been a lot of chinning here and there about the jernt on the manner in which ball should be played on ye olde diamonds this year. We have had a lot of cussin' and discussin' re fast-ball replacing softball and vice-versa, but we think that when the dust settles and the ball fever begins to flex its stiff muscles, we'll revert to the ways of the past. And while we haven't seen evidences of having received any outstanding players during the winter months, the season holds promise in that some of last year's rookie material seems to be hitting their stride with the advent of this baseball season.

The names of the teams have not yet been decided as we go to press but from all indications, it is safe to predict that again last year's identifying labels will remain intact. The players' sweaters have been washed and repaired and the spikes and gloves are oiled and we are champing at the bit for the starting gun of 1957.

Over on the local handball court the sportsters are showing some keen competition. While the courts house no more than eight players at one time, the players manage to get in a game apiece before the supper lines form. By established tradition, the game winners have the opportunity to remain on the court until they are defeated.

While the ping pong table is in action we hardly have time to get into the act due to the large line-up. This activity seems to be growing in popularity hereabouts — but sadly, we speak only from the spectator's point of view.

The volley ball court was inactive this year insofar as organized competition was concerned. The games that were played over the past few months were made up of men who had nothing better to do. And besides, it gets a bit frigid out there in that great big spacious yard, Bridget — and you gotta do something to stay warm!

The newly elected Council has started the ball rolling on the Bridge Tournament and we are hopeful that this event will get under way shortly. There are a lot of men who have been waiting for this shindig to begin, and it should make for some close races, thanks to the encouragement of the better players in giving assists to the untutored ones over the winter months.

Elsewhere in local sports, we move over the road and find ourselves in the NHL where Boston and the Canadiens met in the finals to determine the winners of the Stanley Cup. Boston surprised a gang of people with their victory over Detroit in the semi-finals. Montreal was the favorite team in the other set, and they had no easy time getting shet of the stubborn New York club. These two teams got off to a grand start, instituting a real topsy-turvy scramble for finishing laurels. Both aggregations turned in some fascinating exhibitions in sportsmanship and playmanship; going in strongly for fine hustle as they took their turns on the ice. The big guns for Montreal were on the go for the entire series, as were the equally impressive batteries from Boston. The goal tending chores of both clubs were outstanding and the rookie for Boston will certainly be back in the nets for the 1957-58 season. The games went like this:

In the first session, the Old Rocket Richard gave another of his stellar performances as the grand old man of hockey fame scored four of the five Montreal goals.

In the second contest there was a great show of goal-tending as Plante and Simmons turned back shot after shot. The one goal of the game, scored by the Boom-Boom Geoffrion, was enough to give the Habs their second victory.

In the third contest, the scene changed to the Boston Gardens where the Beantowners were slight-edged favorites to cop their first win of the series. However, the Montreal team proved again to be too strong for Boston and they emerged with a four to two win.

In the fourth game the Boston fans had a chance to scream and holler, for now their namesake team were definitely the underdogs. The game was identical to the second game in Montreal and the goal tending on either side was more than a little slightly out of this world. The Bruins were leading 1-0 going into the final minute of play when the Habs pulled Plante in favour of an extra forward. The star of the series, from the Boston side of the picture, Fleming Mackell, scored in the empty net and gave the Bostonians their only victory in the series.

The fifth, and what was the deciding game for the Stanley Cup, returned to Montreal where the Bruins were outplayed and outscored to the tune of 5-1. Jacques Plante again starred in this contest as he had for the entire season.

Highlights of the series was the work of Boom-Boom Geoffrion. This fantastic forward gave a splendid exhibition of hockey and he fell short of trying the record for the most goals in a series by one little goal.

The next-highest scorer of the series was Big Jean Beliveau followed by Rocket Richard. For Boston, the only two that are real stand-outs for the series were Flemming Mackell and the defenseman, Fern Flaman, the latter a one-time player of the faded Maple Leafs.

And so another Hockey season comes to a close and the teams have retried to their respective homes for some rest. One thing seems certain to this writer, though, and that is the fact that come next fall when the teams gather to start the race for the championship once again, there will be one big battle all the way down to the wire. Chicago promises to make it a contending year for themselves, as do the Toronto Maple Leafs. So, as the sun rises and sets and the ice melts away from the hockey scene for this season, we say bye-bye to the champion Canadiens and the Battling Boston Bruins, as well as the NHL.

Meanwhile, back at The Bay, we witnessed a fine display of soccer over the Easter weekend. And what a riot! The visiting Kingston United Team came in with thoughts, apparently, of running away with the whole works but they were rocked back on their heels by a selection of stubborn All-Stars from the local soccer scene. Although United came out of the fray victorious, they knew they had been in a hassle. The final score was 4-2 for United. Jim McGregor scored both goals for the home team and he played the entire game. The line-up for the All-Stars went like this:

D. McLean	S. Kolba	I. Hickman	J. Pinch	M. Simpson	K. Chappelle	S. Binks
A. Rodgers	J. Cornwall	L. Laramée	G. Robinson	J. Lowery	J. Shaver	J. McGregor
B. Cummings	N. Priestly	R. Lundrigan	D. McCarthy	E. Turner		

The linesmen for the game were Art Lowery and George Delarosabel. Manager for the home club was Jimmy Hale and the Captain was the Jockey, Ralph Lundrigan. We have been promised another game in the very near future and if a couple of missing links are in the next line-up for the All-Stars it might give us the victory we deserved in this last contest.

Softball is still getting under way and the Easter weekend provided us with a little time to get the necessary look at the new entries for the coming year. As most of the men were tried, they were marked by the Commissioner and were graded for the teams that will be picked for inclusion in the next issue of The Diamond.

The weakest department from this writer's point of view lies in the shortage of pitchers. We seem to be well stocked in the fielding department. The catcher situation is another thing that we predict will grow to be a sore spot before the season dies. We hope to have the completed line-ups for all eight teams in the June edition.

Meantime we still pick the Dodgers to win in the National League and the Yankees to cop the American pennant. Already the Dodgers have won three straight (Milwaukee, too) and are off to a flying start. The big surprise of all is the hitting of Campanella (Oh, yeah? And what was the name of that Yankee catcher that made that certain series game last year a win in the Yankee column? — Ed.) If the big man is right the league might as well concede. Well, a little humour never hurt any pillar. That wraps it up for now. See you in the next thirty.

Just a short P.S. here before we leave. The word is out that Sugar Ray will gain back the Middleweight Crown when he fights Gene Fuller on the 1st of May. By a knockout yet. Adios.

Education and Library Service

Douglas Morgan

TO SEE THE WOOD DESPITE THE TREES

Despondency, depression and dejection must assail many inmates who, through lack of intelligence, initiative or a 'couldn't care less' attitude, depend upon rumour or, what is even more insidious, distorted newspaper articles, to present a picture of the life that surrounds them presently, and the life they can anticipate upon their release from prison.

Why is it that many prison inmates, not excepting ourselves, develop a 'rejection complex' and suffer the resulting havoc such an illness wreaks upon their natures, causing them to fan into a blaze the spark of animosity that they, particularly 'first-timers,' nurse for society: that causes cliques to gather, in their own 'specialized' categories, namely safe-crackers, con-men, etc. to discuss, sympathetically, the impossibility of obtaining employment on the 'outside', and to dwell upon the only alternative — lawlessness?

There is, unquestionably, a stigma attached to a criminal record that bars employment in several fields. An employee who took into his service a many times convicted 'confidence-man' would, indeed, be charitable. He would also be naive.

More and more employers, in a great many concerns, are taking into their employ ex-convicts. A man who owns a string of restaurants was actually granted permission to adopt the guise of a convict in a penitentiary and, as 'one of the boys,' was able to assess, through close intimacy with his temporary colleagues, those who would be most likely to conform to the laws of society upon their release. When the inmates selected by the restaurateur were due for release, they were contacted and offered immediate employment in one of his establishments. *ONE HUNDRED MEN* were taken on, and *NOT ONE* gave his employer cause to regret his decision. This obvious success of a new experiment encouraged many employers to follow suit, with gratifying results.

In spite of inferences to the contrary, seventy percent of the inmates of this peniten-

tiary will return to a life of crime, get caught, and be returned to a penitentiary. A small, but important, percentage will come back because, before they had completed their previous sentence, they were convinced that they were 'untouchables' — certainly 'unemployables.' In so many instances they had been 'brain-washed' into thinking that they were complete outcasts, with no friends but those of the underworld. Possibly they could have rid themselves of their disillusionment had they stopped, thought, considered, and READ.

The number of inmates leaving here with some trade knowledge acquired through vocational training is very small, in spite of the valiant efforts on the part of the Warden and his staff, battling against an increasing population on the one hand, and insufficient staff, equipment and suitable accommodation on the other. Those who cannot take a trade, through one reason or another, are left with two alternatives. Either they can stagnate and leave here with as little useful knowledge as when they arrive, or they can knuckle down and take advantage of the first-class tutorage from the Supervisors of Education, correspondence courses, or self-study. Obviously a person applying for work stands a far better chance of obtaining a position if, when asked his educational standing, can say Grade 13 instead of Grade 5.

Modern magazines, such as Atlantic Monthly, Colliers, Macleans, Saturday Review and Time, present, in a concise, interesting manner, the news of the world — and this is an education in itself. Magazines of lesser calibre also present news of the world, but on occasion, are less particular in their mode of presentation. This is not to imply that these magazines should not be read: but, find the source of the information contained therein, and then check the authenticity of the source. Learn, through informative reading, to analyze the mass of controversial data, to isolate the truth from the fiction (or half-truths).

There is a radio actor (I think he is a comedian or a 'crime-buster' — the subtle nuance of difference escapes me) who persists in asking for "the facts, Ma'am, the facts." I would

hate to suggest that we attempt to emulate this character in all his mannerisms and idiosyncrasies, but I would say this for his unending quest for 'the facts' —

Go — do likewise.

BOOK REVIEWS

Nevil Shute, a writer of several 'best sellers' is comparatively unknown in here — or so it seems. I thoroughly recommend that you get to know him by reading the following books.

ORDEAL — by Nevil Shute, Library Book No. 6924

All the events described in this very readable book by Nevil Shute take place during the first week of World War II. Peter Corbett, his wife Joan, Phyllis aged six, John three, and the baby, lived in Southampton — a city to be rocked, times after number, by German bombers in the months and years to follow. Corbett is a solicitor of the upper middle class. There is really no set plot to this tale, and no person who could be called a hero of the story. Catastrophe, in varying degree, from lack of milk for the baby, to the tragic death of a next-door neighbour, is met with a stoical (at least on the surface) calm, that is to be found only in the British.

Shute has succeeded in making the reader a member of this ordinary British family, sharing their hardships and sufferings, their disappointments and little pleasures.

The story ends rather abruptly, but in the only possible way, and leaves us wondering and longing as so many did during the tragic years between 1939 and 1945.

A thoroughly enjoyable book.

NO HIGHWAY — by Nevil Shute, Library Book No. 6929

Do you remember the movie 'No Highway In The Sky' with Marlene Dietrich and James Stewart? Well, that movie was adapted from the book No Highway, by Nevil Shute.

The movie received great acclamation but, as is usual in these cases, a great deal was left out and, as a result, the movie lost some of the sensitivity that appears in the original.

The plot of No Highway is quite transparent, as is the case in most of Shute's works, but this fact adds to, rather than detracts from, the pleasures derived from reading the

book. The hero, Mr. Honey, is a "boffin" — a scientist — engaged in aero research in England. He is a comparatively young man, a widower and the father of a young girl. He is quiet, absent-minded, very clever and persistent.

Honey has come to the conclusion that the great Reindeer Rutland plane which had crashed on the coast of Labrador came to grief due to a faulty tail unit. He was dispatched to the scene of the crash to investigate. En route in another Reindeer, he comes into brief, but intimate contact with Monica Teasdale, a glamorous Hollywood star, and Marjorie Corder, the pretty airline stewardess. Soon their lives are to be bound together by a terrifying coincidence. The ship on which they are flying is the sister-ship of the ill-fated Reindeer and, if Honey's theories are correct, the plane is due, at any moment, to plunge into the Atlantic, far below.

Nevil Shute brings to us terrifying suspense and sensitive compassion which is, for a pleasant change, so very fresh, uncomplicated and sincere.

KINDLING — by Nevil Shute, Library Book No. 6923

Henry Warren, a hard-hearted financier in London during the depression, makes his decisions in the exclusive interest of his Company and the stockholders. Taken ill on a trip to Northern England, he is obliged to recuperate in a poverty-stricken town where he sees first-hand the results of his decisions. He suffers a change of heart: uses his influences to establish the town on a firm financial basis and goes to prison for his efforts. A portion of the book deals with the effect of his time in prison, on his way of thinking and mode of life.

MOST SECRET — by Nevil Shute, Library Book No. 6925

Charles Simon, born in England of a British father and French mother, had spent most of his adult life working in France. After the fall of France, he works for the Underground and acts as liaison between the English and the fishing folk of the Brittany coast. Excitement and horror are his companions as he commands a fishing-boat with a hidden flame-thrower to wage war on the German vessels sent to guard the fishing fleet.

Our Readers Write....

THE LAST WORD

The Editors:

Enjoy your publication very much. Please enter my name for another year's subscription to your very interesting C.B. Diamond. Best wishes for continued success with future editions of this excellent literature...

Dolly and Johnny McDonald
Renfrew, Ontario

The Editors:

...I find it has been very interesting reading, and wish you continued good luck...please renew my subscription...

Joseph M. O'Hearn
Providence, Rhode Island

The Editors:

...Appreciative of the work of all. Especially interesting in last issue were Rick Windsor's "Down With Discrimination"; "Don't Give Up"; "St. Patrick" by Bill Jones; "You Tell On Yourself", and others...Best wishes for the future...

Mrs. A. Duff
Corinth, Ontario

The Editors:

I have read with much interest each number of (The Diamond) on its arrival and wish to congratulate those sharing in its production...

Rev. John Lyons, M.A., D.D.
Deseronto, Ontario

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This last page is yours. Got a beef or a bouquet? Get it off your chest by penning your criticisms. As with the case of the two-headed calf, we're always open for improvement. After all, a magazine is only as good as the taste of its readers.

The Words of a Master Penologist

"I long ago quit paying attention to 'Records.' If I had my way, when a man came into prison I would tear up his record. I would blot it out whether it was good or bad and let him start life all over again.

"As to three-time losers—let me say I don't give a rap about that as I have a fine friend who was a four-time loser. He decided to quit sailing against the wind and to travel with it.

"I've sailed against it long enough and I know it does not pay, he said to me one day. On my advice he went before the parole board, made good and became the head of a good-sized business."

—Lewis E. Lawes
Former Warden, Sing Sing Prison



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PRISONERS ARE PEOPLE

The Penal Press endeavours to calendar man in his challenge to remain productive in a censored existence. For man must live with himself in spite of all hazards; and think, regardless of physical enslavement; and to the end, realize a need to be wanted and to be needed.

Such thinking and determination has taught society that even in the air of degeneration there can be born fresh hope and progress. For through the rapid projection of ideas casting a shadow, lies the little people's will; the redemption of lost causes and the media for voice.

Herein are voices not individual, but individuals that are instruments of progress democratically dedicated.

—Agricola

The C. B. Diamond
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